

Every evening after our young friend went to work for the inventor of the shorthand system, you could see the light in his office. If you entered, you would hear a record playing on his phonograph, dictating words, phrases, or straight matter at a rapid rate of speed; you would see a young man with his ears glued to the recorder and eyes glued to the paper as his hand flew without effort over the paper. His concentration was so complete that your entrance would probably have made little or no impression upon him.

But shortly, he would spot you; and if you were one who could read rapidly, you would be called upon to dictate a few takes on some speech material, a judge's jury charge, or a bit of court testimony—whichever he was working on at that particular time or that particular evening.

There were occasions, of course, when he would break from routine and go to the local movie. He was a movie fan from the very first, and even in those days of silent films, he made them serve his ends. When conversation or explanation was flashed on the screen, when words of more than one syllable were displayed with which he was not familiar, it was for him an opportunity not to be missed. With pencil and paper he would make notes and the next day look up new words in the dictionary. Then he would assign a shorthand outline for them—there was no shorthand dictionary in those days—and make them part of his oral and shorthand vocabulary. The days and evenings, even those that he spent at the movies, were responsible for the fine progress he made.

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